THE TATLER

AUGUST, 1921

FUN · FACTS · Y



TALES & TOPICS OF STAGE & SCREEN



EVELYN CAMPBELL
in the "Ziegfeld Follies"
Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

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Reveries of a Rounder

IT takes three generations to make a gentleman, but only one showgirl to break him.

The prize chump is the one who makes love with a fountain pen. The telephone is slower, but leaves no footprints.

It is hardly apropos to call a girl a "skirt" any more.

No mother can forgive her young son smoking—when he smokes her own private monogrammed cigarettes.

"All men are created equal"—but some are not equal to very much.

Report says short skirts prevent injuries to many women pedestrians. We always said they were all right.

To add to the general gloom, one of the New York graveyards now has a press-agent.

It is always dry weather when good fellows get together.

That new two-cent piece will allow some of Broadway's spendthrift actors to tip their favorite waiters.

Nowadays a man has got to die to get his bier.

Where is my wandering boy, tonight?
Where oh, where can he be?
There ain't no place he can go no more
In this land of the brave and free.

"If the shoe fits, wear it," is an old saying, but with the average woman, if the shoe fits she takes it back because it is too big.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

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WALTER E. COLBY
Editor

William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

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Most of the divorces are home-brew, too.

You can telephone to Cuba now—but you can't order anything.

Early to bed and early to rise and you'll never meet any well-known people.

The cost of living has doubled in two years. Yes, and when you get married it doubles in two minutes.

When a man with a large family figures up what he has left at the end of the year, he finds he has a large family.

Pittsburgh preachers are promoting boxing bouts; in other words—an eye for an eye, and a knock-out for an uppercut.

There used to be a few Americans who wanted the United States to annex Canada, but since prohibition they've changed their minds.

The difference between a fat man and a lean man can be expressed in pounds, but the difference between a fat woman and a lean woman can only be expressed in scorn.

A. H. Woods' new play, "Gertie's Garter," opened up very auspiciously in Chicago not so long ago. Gertie busted her garter in the second act and forty men in the audience rose and offered to adjust it. Among the forty men were five doctors. We'll bet that if Gertie had broken her neck, they would not have found a doctor in the house!

A blue-law's agitator announces that if the girls wear their skirts any shorter this coming season, all members of the Reform League will look the other way. Not being a member of that organization, we shall continue to look the way we always did. We don't care how short the girls wear their skirts. We believe in minding our own business.

Whenever a distinguished foreigner comes to this country, all the aldermen in the cities which he visits get their heads together and decide whether he is to be given the freedom of the city.

We've never been able to figure out just why the freedom of the city should cause such concern.

We've seen it handed over often enough, but we never yet saw a foreigner making much use of it. About all it amounts to is standing up in front of a battery of movie cameras, smiling hard, and shaking hands with the mayor.

Then afterward, the distinguished foreigner is escorted to the public park, and plants a little sapling to the memory of someone, while five thousand school children shout with glee. Only the shout isn't because of the foreigner or the sapling, but because school has let out for a half holiday.

Looking at the freedom of the city from all sides—

You can't pawn it.
You can't eat it.
You can't sell it.
You can't sublet it.
You can't pay the butcher with it.
And you can't buy a drink with it.
So what's it good for, anyway?

Ann Pennington Needs No Introduction



Edward Thayer Monroe

So, This Is N'Yawk!

THOUSANDS of babycabs.
Millions of small woolly dogs.
Swarms of sidewalk ticket speculators.
Hordes of tin taxicabs having a rattling good time.
Seventeen policemen watching one man with suspicious bulge on hip.
Patrol wagon backing up to curb to receive a load of screaming lady gamblers.
Infuriated traffic officers giving lodge signals to auto drivers.
Thousands of playwrights with black leather brief cases.
Thirsty citizens whispering excitedly on corner.
Fourteen detectives watching divorcee.
Movie cameraman chasing gunman.
Loads of confiscated hootch.
Platoons of press agents.
Discouraged waiters.
Flappers flapping.
Vamps vamping.
Half-hose.
Legs.

Oh Joy! Kissing Is O.K.

By De Vaux Thompson

A GOOD deal of water has run under the Brooklyn Bridge since the first dour and long-faced reformer tried to put a crimp in the gentle art of kissing.

The number of kiss microbes that have frisked about this locality since they were discovered, is according to our statistical expert approximately 134,786,982,563,874,563, although he may have missed one or two in the count. A microbe census is never exactly correct.

The battle against osculation has been long and bitter. Scientists with long flowing whiskers who haven't been kissed in years and who never had a real chorus-girl kiss in their lives have been trying to take the joy out of life for many years.

Latterly the reformers have been after the eight-foot screen kiss. They claim that a three-foot kiss is long enough and that when a kiss is three feet and one inch in length it is against the peace and morality of the community. In the early days of the motion picture the sixteen or twenty-foot kiss was common but that was when there was plenty of celluloid and producers were willing to waste it on frivolous things. Nobody has ever measured the park bench kiss but some of them run to one thousand feet.

Dr. Kotsoff, a scientist, in an address before a philosophical society, recommended kissing as a stimulant to health. He did not recommend one-half-of-one-per-cent kisses, either, but regular old-fashioned sockdologers like Olga Nethersole used to pass out six nights a week and Wednesday and Saturday mats. "Kissing between lovers or sweethearts," said Dr. Kotsoff, "sends forth ethereal and hypnotic waves, traveling with great velocity and electrifying and rejuvenating every psychic, mental and physical cell structure of the body. It is a most potent agency for courage, good-cheer, optimism, hope, health and longevity."

Yea, bo! We'll say she do!

It is even proposed that squads of kissable young women be sent out to make the rounds and restore young men to perfect health by kissing them. They would make us a nation of Bernarr McFaddens, of Dempseys, of Strangler Lewises. And the next nation to go to war with us would be sorry, that's all.

Much obliged, professor. In behalf of the park benchers, the Coney Island boaters, the Fifth avenue bussers and the great army of Broadway osculators, we thank you.

Now they will feel authorized to go on kissing. They would anyhow.

Women may be mysteries, but up to the knee everything is plain enough!

"I Hear—"

Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

By THE TATLER

BROADWAY'S children of romance! Fruit of the partakers of forbidden fruit. How much is known about them and how little said. What is said is whispered softly behind raised palms and punctuated by eyebrows arched as no beauty house, not even the exclusive Langdon nor the reformative Primrose House of Mrs. Governeur Morris raises them with the aid of art.

First there is the small daughter, aged about two years, of a late manager whose wife though separated from him for many years, declined to divorce him and allow him to legalize his union with a magnetic young actress. When he died after a lingering illness in the apartments which the magnetic young actress shared with him, even when illness clouded his mind and rendered companionship with him one of peril to personal safety, there was much speculation as to the fate of the young actress.

"Surely he would take care of her," said the women of the Brightly Lighted Lane.

Others say that so great was his affection for his companion that his last words would have been the paraphrased plea of the dying king Charles to his brother, about pretty Nell Gwynne. "Don't let poor Nellie starve."

A factor in the confidence of many that a large part of his fortune would reach her is the forceful and original character of the young woman herself. She is a singularly self-reliant young person. While living in a small town in Long Island she catered to her own sense of humor and the stupefaction of the villagers by appearing on Main Street wearing low shoes and one generously displayed black and one white stocking. Her parents, though allied to the stage, expected to keep their daughter away from it. One morning she disappeared from home. The evening of the same day she returned from New York to the paternal home announcing that since her parents would do nothing to place her on the stage she had achieved the feat herself.

Her force did not confine itself to the management of her parents. The late manager, through his affection for her and her own torrential force, was dominated by her. Several times the alliance, unhallowed by the church, unsanctioned by the state, was threatened by her own outbreaks. One of these occurred on the steps leading to Delmonico's. The couple had been dining there and had discussed some mooted question warmly at the meal. The young woman's cheeks flew the red flags of anger. She left the table abruptly, flung her cloak about her and standing at the upper step, beckoned a cab. The elderly manager followed and expostulated.

"Now, darling," he began.

She flung a bare, impetuous arm against his chest sending him staggering backward.

"Go away! you horrible old man, I'm through with you," she screamed.

Nevertheless, this lover's quarrel ended as do most lovers differences, in ardent reconciliation.

The pair occupied a suite at one of the older Fifth Avenue hotels, where the daughter was often seen by admiring but puzzled old Knickerbocker guests of the hotel. It was in this suite, unseen by any of his old friends of Broadway, who had been denied admittance to him for six months, he died.

ANOTHER of the bar sinister bits of humanity is the child of a multi-millionaire of widely known name and an ambitious actress whom he once backed as a star. The courts had denied this man a divorce from his wedded consort. The couple dispensed with what Kipling has termed "The benefit of clergy." The child is three years old. It is a boy. It was born in Europe, but is now in this country with his mother. It has a stepfather, also of the stage.

MORALISTS need not worry about these children of Broadway romance. It is practically certain that they will not become charges of New York nor of any other municipality. Million-

(*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from page* 5)

aire fathers are not apt to neglect provision for their romantic off-spring. Nor need the little ones' futures be clouded by their inauspicious beginnings. All Broadway knows that the child of one of its romances, now a mature woman, is the wife of a member of one of the oldest theatrical families in the world.

FLORENCE REED, gifted daughter of her gifted father, Roland Reed, departed Manhattan Island for a far different one in Sebago Lake, Maine. Weary of her long and successful season in "The Mirage," and with many motion pictures, last of which was "The Black Panther Cub," she has imposed upon herself a sentence of solitary confinement in her island estate until August 15. She was wearied, too, by this magazine's unintentional publication of her photograph in an ermine cloak, as Peggy Hopkins in her much quoted cloak, also of ermine. An error which *The Tatler* sincerely regrets, wondering at the same time that a beautiful brunette, in ermine can so closely resemble a beautiful blonde similarly attired.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but it is generally our charity and other people's sins.

A YOUNG scenario writer, wife of a famous director of motion pictures, lives on Long Island now because the climate of Westchester County became too warm for her after she chatted over the tea cups about the alleged evidence in the case of Actor Butt against William Courtenay for alienation of his wife's affections. The London actor, falling upon illness and financial reverses, accepted the hospitality of Mr. Courtenay's garage at Harrison, N. Y., for an abiding place for his wife and children. Mr. Courtenay and his wife, Virginia Harned, with their accustomed kindliness, not only housed but fed the family. Guests at the Courtenay home, Crestlea, met the impoverished quartette at the table.

When the actor, ostensibly on a health quest in California, brought suit for the alienation of his wife's affections, the scenario writer told various visitors of alleged confidences by the wife and of certain letters which she is said to have seen that might become evidence in the case.

Learning that the scenario writer was the dissemination point of these tales, Mrs. Courtenay, motored to her home and delivered her ultimatum.

"Cease these stories or I will sue you for slander," she said. "And you'd better move. Your popularity in this corner of the country is ended."

We shall soon know whether to blame the divorce evil on alcohol or marriage.

AN elderly critic of the drama and of motion pictures has been more unpopular than ever the last two years.

"He looks as bad as he seems to feel when he writes his criticisms," said one actress whom he has always praised. "I am sorry for him. He looks so old and so discontented."

Reason for the sourness and shrivelling of the professional fault-finder has come to the surface, awakening sympathy in quarters where once was but censure of him, his outlook and methods. His daughter, pride of his heart and house, has been sued for alienation of a certain benedict's affections. Also this same daughter presented him a grandchild two years after her husband went to France with an American regiment. Emphasizing the ugly situation the husband has brought suit against her for divorce.

It is a sorry situation which despite strenuous efforts the critic has been unable to hide from his few friends and many enemies.

One-half the world doesn't know where her better-half spends his evenings.

JESSIE REED, the beautiful Texas girl who has bulled the market for chorus girls, running her salary up to the highest ever paid any girl of the crescent, $100 a week, is back at work in the Follies. Her experiment in being the wife of a millionaire was brief, just a month. She has wrapped herself and her brief marriage in a veil of mystery. But those who have pierced the veil say that a young New Yorker to whom she was engaged before the swift wooing in Boston and hasty wedding in Pawtucket, has been a factor in

(*Continued on page* 8)

The "I Don't Care" of Paris



Mlle. Cynthia Goode, who is called the Eva Tanguay of Paris. The type of vaudeville in France has changed radically since the war, until now it closely resembles the American style. As no vaudeville would be complete without a Tanguay, Mlle. Goode has come forward to fill this niche in the Parisian music halls. She sings "Qu'est-ce que cela me fait" (or words to that effect), just as Eva sings "I Don't Care"; and the Frenchies like it

(*Continued from page* 6)
the complicated problem. When he read in the newspapers of her wedding to Daniel Caswell, aged twenty-three and of Cleveland, he chartered an aeroplane and started for Boston. The aeroplane smashed in Brooklyn and the amateur aviator was severely injured. Friends of the young New Yorker say that had not the smash befallen him he would have inflicted one upon the bridegroom from the West. But beautiful Jessie Reed says she is sure that her jilted fiancé was only planing to Boston to congratulate the bridegroom. "That is his way," she said. Perhaps, and again perhaps, nix.

Young ladies seldom get lumbago, but most of them have limb-ego.

LOUIS JAMES'S widow is making the rounds of the agents' and managers' offices, seeking a job. Time—and lack of business acumen—play bitter tricks. The actor left his widow two houses at Monmouth Beach, and other property, yielding her a sufficient income for her support. But an unscrupulous pseudo-manager induced her to sink a large portion of the fund in a disastrous starring venture. She sold the more valuable of the Monmouth Beach properties at a loss. She gave her heart and hand to a former hotel employee, who is interested in unprofitable oil properties. She is renting rooms in what was to have been a cosy home for the rest of her life. If there be, in these newer days, any managers in whom survive remnants of the old sentiment that wove itself about the stage, this is a chance to prove it. Friends of her famous husband should be able to find a utility part for the woman who was so long her celebrated husband's leading woman in his coast to coast tours.

LUCKY in business unlucky in love. William Harris' enterprises have flourished for several years. From "East is West" to Drinkwater's "Lincoln" his fingers have struck the chords of success. But out Bayside way, where lives the more or less happy theatrical colony, the house which once sheltered his family has been moved and is occupied by strangers. Bayside folks call it Unhappy House. They say it is haunted by the ghosts of dead happiness. For when Mrs. William Harris went to Europe with the Harris children, saying they would live there, the house was leased to another family, which repeated the story of differences that had their climax in separation.

Many a man who married to avoid the draft long since wished that he had died for his country!

A. J. LEVY, part owner of the Eltinge Theatre, and a popular turf man, known from California to Cuba in racing time, is again leading a bachelor life. Ask him why and he answers with a smile in his eyes that love cannot bridge the chasm of twenty-five years. "No love is great enough for that, my boy," he says genially at the ringside or in his newly fitted bachelor apartment.

Mrs. Levy has resumed her maiden name since securing her divorce. As Lillian Albertson she will return to the stage in the early autumn. Their handsome son, looking four years more than his ten, resides with his mother but pays frequent visits to his father.

Egotism is a common failing. Most people seem to think they are as good as we are.

GEORGETTE LE BLANC has brains, beauty, and savoire faire. Has she a sense of humor? It is doubtful, for she is gravely announcing that she will give drawing room talks on love, touching more firmly upon the theme of "How to Hold your Husband." It will be interesting to observe which drawing rooms are open to Maeterlinck's eighteen year term companion. France welcomed her afternoon talks on "Love and Life." New York, being somewhat bourgeois, may or may not.

BROADWAY smiles at the belated story of a matrimonial settlement effected between a prominent motion picture director and the wife from whom he is separated. He had furnished her some wherewithal for living, but he had done so in intermittent, and not wholly spontaneous, fashion. Being hard up, she consented to write a series of articles about him for a magazine. She treated the subject in an intimate and authorita-

(*Continued on page* 10)

Dry Land Bathing Beauties



(C) Mack Sennett

(*Continued from page* 8)

tive manner. The director did not enjoy the spotlight's rays. He sent for his wife. She went to his office, took a chair beside him at his flat-topped desk, and said:

"It isn't a square deal that your friends ride in limousines and I have to take a street car."

"You're right," he said. "You ought to have a car. I'll see that you get one. And I'll give you fifty per cent of the profits from all my pictures. I do this because you did help me at the start. Now will you stop writing those articles about me?"

The articles ceased.

WINTHROP AMES is in the position of A. H. Woods, who, a few seasons ago, moaned, "I have five Broadway successes and none of them is making any money."

Mr. Ames resumed management with William Archer, the London critic's first play, "The Green Goddess." The company played practically to capacity from the first, but a few weeks ago it had not yet earned the initial cost of production, which was $50,000.

Mr. Ames mildly laments.

When a screen girl has to grab a name quick, she calls herself June something.

THEATRICAL folk who are acquiring the tea habit, now that the cocktail is so increasingly difficult to attain, and who go to the hotels at the fashionable hour and sip oolong and orange pekoe, may be interested—though not exactly cheered—by the arithmetical discovery made by a maitre de hotel who is fond of statistics. A pound of tea, he told me, does its fashionable duty by yielding a profit of $30 to the hotel.

A WIDOW SPEAKS

THEY come, the dear, good people, and they talk
Of how upright he was! "Not *really* stiff—
Just dignified! A man to walk the chalk!"
I "should be proud"—and so on; then they sniff.
They hush their voices while they deftly drape
Festoons of melancholy through the room;
They smell of white narcissus flowers and crepe
And tall wax tapers sputtering in gloom.
They bring me pies and jelly to assuage
The bitterness of sorrow—strange relief!
To me, the widow of a personage,
They talk of time, the temperer of grief;
While I sit swathed in folds of black chiffon,
Thinking how nice it is to have him gone.

PEGGY O'NEILL, the American actress who has won the hearts of London theatregoers in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," knows how to do several things besides act. One of 'em is auctioneer. Recently, at a Warriors' day benefit, she auctioned off a pair of dancing shoes which had graced the extremities of Pavlova. After knocking these down at a fancy figure, Miss O'Neill was about to take up the next item on the list when a man in the auditorium spoke up: "I'll give you $25 for those you're wearing." Peggy took him up. "Must I take 'em off?" she asked. "Sure," replied the bidder, and Miss O'Neill forthwith complied, and officiated for the remainder of the auction in her stocking feet.

A DISPATCH from Paris says that "insufficient dressing by women on the French stage is being discussed by the French senate with a view to preventing it." From the way it's worded, you can't tell exactly what the French senators have in mind. Taken one way, you might think it meant that the idea is to prevent insufficient dressing by putting a stop to dressing. However, we don't suppose it's as bad as that.

The man looked toward the sun,
The sun was in the sky,
Three pretty maids passed in between,
Wearing dresses of crepe de chene—
The man looked toward the sun
And longed for another eye.

THE Moore boys are a fortunate lot. One married Alice Joyce, and later Rene Adoree, another married Mary Pickford, and we understand that a third is considering a matrimonial step with Anna Q. Nielsen.

Christine Welford In "Scandals of 1921"



White Studio

The God's Mistake

A NATIVE of East India,
Whose creed was *comme il faut,*
At least as far as any man
Of caste like his could know,
Once carried in his dusky breast
A little god of wood,
Which he would worship, when he thought
It might do him some good.
This native ambled on the road
One evening long ago,
Smiting his god with all his might,
Though why I did not know,
And so I asked him what might be
The reason of his rage,
And this—this was the answer of
This black, though sapient, sage,
"I have, sahib, two daughters dear,
One married, one unwed—
My married daughter has no child,
And lest it should be said
That she, according to our creed,
Was in disgrace for this,
I prayed my god to send one child
To crown her married bliss.
My god"—he sighed—"him one dam fool!
He did not hear aright,
And now he's put our family
In a disastrous plight.
He sent a baby, certainly—
Allah! it makes me wild—
Not to my married daughter—no!
But to my virgin child!"

—La Touche Hancock.

STANDARD FICTION

"WHAT will you have, Scotch or rye?"

"You're the only gell I ever loved."

"I've got plenty at home."

"I never listen to risque stories."

"The police promise early arrests."

"The star is yet in her teens."

"The picturization cost four million dollars."

"The victim of the shooting is a rich silk merchant."

"The detectives have an important clue."

"The presents were numerous and costly."

"Forty chorus girls under 20."

THE COMMON ATTITUDE

I WATCHED a funeral procession pass my home. I watched it impassively.

First came the minister in his runabout, then the ponderous motor hearse, behind which came two cars carrying the body-bearers, followed closely by cars filled with mourning relatives, and lastly a countless succession of cars carrying other friends and relatives of the deceased.

The last car disappeared around the corner, and I turned away with a yawn. I had not relinquished one whit of my smug complacency. Why should I? It was not my funeral.

The tobacco people claim the old-fashioned five-cent cigar is gone forever. Nonsense!

It is still with us. Only now it costs a quarter.

—

The man who is disappointed in love generally lives to be glad of it.

A Few Noted Backs of the Day



Delysia in "Afgar"
White Studio



Phoebe Asbury in the Winter Garden



Vera Michelena in the "Follies"



Florence Reed, star of stage and screen

Nickolas Muray

Brief Biographies

By Our Own Boy Prodigy

COLUMBUS: This was our 1st imigrant. He was a eyetalian or something and told the queen of Spane I wanna discover Amerka and Im broke and she says alrite hock my earings and keep the change and find Amerka and he did and he did and he did.

his full naim is Christfer Columbus Ohio.

WOODROW WILSEN: He sed Im two prowd to fite but just start sumthin. he was sined up to pich for the leeg of nashens but pres't harding sed back to the bushes there haint a gonna be no leeg.

he used to rite noats to the kizer.

SHAKESBEER: He rote shows and gave lots of akters a chanct because six or seven was kilt in each play. he is a immortal because his pomes are so good, even if lord baken rote em or not.

TOMAS ALVY EDISON: Some folks blame the telefone onto him but anyhow he invented a talking mashene wich anyone can get service from. he works 15 ours a day inventing every thing from a elektrick lite to silly questions.

HENRY WHATSWORTH LONGFELLER: He rote pomes before he dide. he dident come over on the mayflour but knowed everybodys bizness that did.

THEEDORE ROSEFELT: His pitcher looks like a ad for tooth paist. he new more about vice than any vice president we ever had and was a smooth talker and a rough rider. he was a more thurubread american than a injun is.

USELESS GRANT: he diden't sware but smoked cigar butts and licked the south. mister lee gave up to him at appendicitis.

he was president for awhile too and dident have no razer.

ABRAHAM LINCULN: He sed why shud the nigers be slaves and set em free and now the bullshevikky says we are all slaves for the rich capital S and shud throw off there yolk.

linculn was vaccinated by a show akter.

GEORGE WASHTON: he herd rosefelt sed to have big famlys so becum the father of his hole country. he had a father his self and got licked for going across the della ware river and cutting down some cherry trees. he wore a whig.

JULYES CEEZER: He dressed like a show akter and was a pollytician in Roam. he got stabbed in the back by his frend Brutes which musta been sum frend. Ceezer was the umpire of Roam.

CHARLES DARWIN: He was a nacherlist and sed man desended from monkies but sometimes when I look around I wonder what did he mean *desended?*

MARK ANTONY: He was a roman genrel and when his army got beat he thought well if I cant whip nobody else heres me and he killed himself. his girl was theeda bara's understeady. her naim was Cleepatra and she made the men act foolish but got stung by a wasp.

HENRY CLAY: he was a speeker like Mr. Brine only Brine is a demucrat and he was a statesmen. he sed "give me liberty or ile make my own."

"Tickets, please," called the conductor impatiently.

"Just a minute," said the card playing commuter. "You are not in a hurry, are you?"

"You bet I am," replied the conductor. "I just saw the hand you bid No Trump on, and I want to punch your ticket before your partner throws you off the train."

He was a writer. She was a writer.
They married. Years have passed.
They have done a great deal of collaborating.
To their credit they have six books and seven children.

Broadway's Crop of Summer Beauties



Blanche Parks in the "Follies"



Beatrice Milner in the "Follies"



Addie Rolfs in "The Follies"

Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe



Kitty Kelley in "The Whirl of New York"

Maurice Goldberg

Perfect Examples

PERFECT example of the hen-pecked husband—the cashier of a bank who was locked in the vault by accident, and who wasn't nearly as afraid of suffocating as he was of not getting home, dead or alive, by the time his wife expected him.

Perfect example of the modern optimist—the man who was knocked out by a drink of would-be whiskey, and had to go to the hospital for two weeks, and then bought some more of the first bootlegger he met as he was leaving the hospital.

Perfect example of the complete grafter—the man who stole a pair of his wife's silk stockings to give to his stenographer, and then docked the stenographer's salary to pay for them.

Perfect example of the American citizen—keeping up his annual dues to the Anti-Saloon League, and paying a king's ransom for a case of Scotch.

GRIN'S FAIRY TALES

"IF the old beer came back I'd keep on making home brew."

———

"We buy the cheaper cuts because they're more nourishing."

———

"Doesn't he look natural?"

———

"This theater can be emptied in three minutes."

———

"Sincerely yours."

———

"It only takes me 30 minutes to get home."

———

"We've never had a cross word since we were married."

———

"Out to lunch."

———

Educational films.

———

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

———

"The following artists will positively appear."

WHAT THE EARS TELL

NOW that ears have come back into view, the amount you display is supposed to reveal your situation in life. So you'd better adjust your coiffure to the impression you want to give out, or bystanders will get you all wrong.

In fact, ears are developing a sign language all their own. If you want to know whether a girl is married—and how much she's married—look to see how much of her ears are exposed. If she's up on the new language, that will tell the story.

Demure, unmarried damsels still have the ear practically hidden.

Engaged girls show the tip.

Newly married girls expose about half an earful.

The more married they are, the more ear they reveal.

Suspicious wives are more inclined to uncover the ear than trusting ones; they're afraid they'll miss something.

Matrons and old maids don't care how much ear they show.

They're as careless with their ears as some girls are with their knees.

IN THE BROADWAY DISCARD

BUGGY whips
Mustache cups
Petticoats
Suspenders
Roller towels
Cotton stockings
Ear muffs
Hansom cabs
Pretzels
Bartenders
Buck-and-wing
Green shoes
Cocktail shakers
Lemon peel
Willow plumes
Nutmeg.

If you find it necessary to go into a damp cellar a stimulant should be taken.

Distinctive Terpsichorean Types





Gilda Gray (upper left) of the shimmying shoulders

Jessica Brown (upper right) of the lissome limbs

Ann Pennington, daintiest of dancers

Calendar for August

Mon. 1—For the first time in years, no movie stars announced that they were going into vaudeville.

Tue. 2—Richard Carle was still getting his hair cut, 1902.

Wed. 3—An actor on Broadway was actually surprised on a first night, 1911, because he got a hand on his first entrance.

Thu. 4—An actor on Broadway was actually surprised on a first night, 1921, because he didn't get a hand on his first entrance.

Fri. 5—Acrobatic dancer at the Hippodrome overcome by the heat, 1915. It took several hours to locate his wife; she was in the second balcony.

Sat. 6—Increase of movies causes gradual disappearance of the bald-head row.

Sun. 7—Owing to the agitation of Rev. John Roach Straton, all New York theatres were closed, 1924, with the exception of the Winter Garden.

Mon. 8—Arthur Hopkins presented "King Lear," with Ben Ami as the King and toothpicks as scenery, 1923.

Tue. 9—A New York critic was given a seat not on the aisle, and as a consequence, he thought it was a punk show, 1918.

Wed. 10—Theatre managers became worried, 1895, for fear that the bicycle craze would cut down their business.

Thu. 11—Leo Ditrichstein appeared for the first time in ten years with a cute little bang, 1927.

Fri. 12—Having turned all the Yiddish actors into American ones, the producers began to turn American ones back into Yiddish, 1930.

Sat. 13—Ethel Barrymore challenged Jane Cowl to a tear-producing competition, 1931, and won by a sob.

Sun. 14—Butler without sideburns hissed off the stage, 1924, but became a successful missionary.

Mon. 15—War tax on theatre tickets still in force, 1955, although no one can remember which war it refers to.

Tue. 16—Charles Cherry swapped his English accent for George Arliss's, 1922, but found it was too staccato for him.

Wed. 17—Al Woods conceived the idea of the bedroom farce, 1906, and it was still going strong, 1999.

Thu. 18—Someone almost shimmied in Boston, 1921, but Boston is still pure.

Fri. 19—A man bought a seat for "Sally" at the box office, and collapsed when he discovered it was in the second row.

Sat. 20—Owing to the present styles in skirts, Ann Pennington's knees are better protected on the stage than on the street.

Sun. 21—Brand-new joke introduced into Winter Garden show, 1916, but was taken out of the cast after second night.

Mon. 22—Same joke tried out in "Scandals," 1920, but couldn't compete with the fresh paint.

Tue. 23—Frank Tinney declined to have his name put up in electric lights, 1931, owing to an acute attack of violetis.

Wed. 24—Babe Ruth starred in "The Bat," 1923; and De Wolf Hopper featured in "Mixed Marriage," 1924.

Thu. 25—Stranger from the country wandered into the Belasco theatre, and thought he was going to see a movie, because the lights were so dim.

Fri. 26—Theatre entrances so close together in 42d Street that a theatregoer saw parts of three shows all in one evening, and never realized it.

Sat. 27—Business of a George Cohan show began to slip, followed by business of George Cohan slipping into the cast, 1919, 1920, 1921.

Sun. 28—Man caught loitering near stage door of Winter Garden sent to prison for ten years under the blue laws, 1922.

Mon. 29—Man caught loitering near stage door of Drama League meeting sent to Congress for ten years under the blue laws, 1923.

Tue. 30—Raymond Hitchcock had his one unruly lock of blonde hair marcelled, 1931.

Wed. 31—John Drinkwater came across from England for his annual highbrow royalty season, 1920, 1921, 1922, et cetera.

Peeping Behind the Screen

What Your Film Favorites Are Really Doing And Saying in Hollywood, The Hub of the Movie Universe

By MISS TATLER

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—The Carter De Havens have—in a working manner, at least—patched up their recent tiff. "Twin Beds" must have had just as bad an effect on the little comic-duo as on their screen prototype, for it was just after the completion of this picture that a split was declared in the family. But before that such a move was imminent, for Carter was seen o' nights doing the honors for the family, while the little Mrs. stayed home to maintain their quota of neighborhood respectability—an arrangement often tried before that never yet has succeeded! For a time it was feared that their marital discord might interfere with the making of their delightful comedies. But at the present writing this matrimonial act is walking the tight-rope, balancing safely. For Carter has recently bought a gorgeous new home in Hollywood, with golf course and all the other fixin's, and, with his petite wife, is engaged upon a new picture called "My Lady Friend." We trust there is no ominous prophecy in the title!

A CERTAIN former Minneapolis society "bud" is now "working" in pictures here. Her esthetic senses were quite shocked at some of the performances noted in our gentle Holy-wood—until one day her mother back in the Twin City wrote her all about how the debutantes there are checking their corsets at dances! Now she's saying: "It's a toss-up between a respectable movie actress or a society bud in Minneapolis!"

WHO is that naval officer Mary Miles Minter is wandering about with? He must be some bugs—for you know the perennial baby of the fillums does not cavort with ordinary mortals, such as motion picture people, politicians or mere persons. In the glittering effulgence of the Ambassador Hotel she and her cavalier sit and watch, from their measured distance, the dancing of lesser mortals. You see, this little lamb of a girl seldom dances except in the privacy of her own home, for wouldn't it be perfectly *terrible* if she were accidentally to touch some mere *person* and maybe become *contaminated?* More power to the Navy! This particular representative of our sea-going system must have a pedigree that would stretch from sea to sea—the seas he has apparently deserted in favor of the best-known autocrat of the movies. (We had an awful time keeping from writing the word "snob," but we try to be generous!)

WALLY REID certainly needs a coterie of private sleuth-hounds to protect him from the adoring females. One of 'em recently came all the way from Washington, and sat herself upon the Reid doorstep and avowed her intention of remaining until Wally's wife would let him elope with her. At night she rested her tired head upon his lawn, with his flowers for a pillow; in the morning when the door was opened for the milk she popped in; for several days she kept up her ceaseless vigil. At last the Studio Club was appealed to and the girl was given shelter from the cruel ocean breeze until she was convinced the best thing she could do would be to hasten back home and let the Reid household toddle along without her watchful and adoring gaze. Wally carefully explained to every one that she was "out of her head." My goodness, why be so emphatic about it? Isn't it plain enough?

A CERTAIN very famous star of feminine gender is returning to the spoken drama, after many years' absence, despite a recent very successful sojourn with one of the "coming" production concerns of the West Coast. Successful, in publicity particularly; for didn't she get her engagement to the Big Boss rumored—and what more could any star want, even though the gentleman did rather ungallantly deny it? For a time they were always seen together and the nuptials seemed imminent. Now the whole thing apparently has fallen

(*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from page* 19)

through. Perhaps one reason for its failure to mature was the fact that, on a recent visit back to the Old Homestead, she met one of the spouses she had dropped by the roadside en route to fame, and the rumor now has it that she is again contemplating tying him to her apron-string.

While at one of the Culver City studios this little lady had a queer, ingrained idea that she was "under obligations" to every man who did her a favor. She is generously inclined; she had no intention of shirking her duty. So every morning when she appeared at the studio she passed inviting lips about, honoring first, it is hinted, a high executive, passing down the reception line of directors, actors, and terminating her generosity with onslaughts upon the virtue of the chaste property men. Now, she didn't really *want* to be bad, and besides, what harm's in a kiss? And didn't she *owe* them all something? Noxious though it was to her refined sense, she, nevertheless, did her duty like a soldier—but for some reason certain wives didn't think it at all necessary—with the result that at the termination of her contract, she was informed that her tantalizing presence was no longer needed.

THOUGH the Chester M. Bennetts have patched up their differences and are again breakfasting together, they just somehow cannot keep out of court, having met there so often! The latest development in their series of appearances before the bar of justice is Chester's summons for failure to pay attorney's fees. Having made up with his wife and calling the divorce off, may be Chester figured there was no reason in paying for something he didn't get, but the attorney thought differently.

MARY GARDEN seems doomed to disappointment, for, in spite of her recent avowal that she would be heartbroken should Bill Hart wed another, the ex-cowboy-star appears to be consummating plans for a marital bargain this Autumn with the lovely Jane Novak. She is boasting—quite frankly—a most gorgeous engagement ring, but there is a slight hindrance to their marriage in the fact of the California law—er, you see, the lady only a few months ago became disentangled from a mesalliance, and a year must elapse before she can take another chance. But Bill is making noticeable improvements to his wonderful home in the foothills—things such as no bachelor "writing books for boys" would have any need for, things that have a distinctly feminine touch. So it seems that poor Mary will have to seek solace in a garden elsewhere, and let Jane have her Bill. Goodness knows in *this* community an affection that lasts a whole year must be the real thing!

IF *you* had but one life to live and decided to dispose of it immediately would you give it to your country, your wife or the movies? That was a question which recently confronted F. McGrew Willis, a scenario writer. He gave his to *freedom.* So free was he, in fact, in the matter of its distribution that his wife, Marie S. Willis, sued him for divorce and got it. It appears that a stern judge doesn't believe in a man having a wife and freedom at the same time! Mr. Willis is said to have stated that no married man "can have freedom of thought or action." Well, we don't know about the action, but we always considered a man's thoughts his own! Mr. Willis, however, made the mistake of airing his at the conjugal hearth, which is no place to speak of freedom! Mrs. Willis tearfully told the judge: "He (husband as was) said since he had but one life to live he was going to live it in glorious freedom. So he left me." Well, there's many a way of disposing of a mere life—take your choice, gentlemen.

YVONNE DAVIS, who enjoys more publicity as wife No. 1 of "Dapper Jack Murray" than for her achievements on the screen, has quit talking to reporters and begun talking to attorneys. Which means that Yvonne has ceased being irritated and important and begun to feel real mad. Jack, you may remember, is the boy who has that distressing habit of marrying wives without the formality of a divorce from their predecessors. He is said to have thus become affiliated, so to speak, with Ann Warwick, stage luminary, and Marie Dougherty, former war worker, his excuse being that he couldn't help marrying the girls "because they seemed to expect it." Nice of Jack to please the ladies—but it didn't please Yvonne much, from latest reports of her tete-a-tetes with attorneys.

Seen In the Summer Shows



Helen Herendeen in "The Last Waltz"

Florence Darling in "The Last Waltz"

Kyra at the Winter Garden

"Make What You Have Do"

THIS slogan has been the means of keeping hundreds of husbands off the scrap pile.

The average wife acquired her husband at a period of her existence when she knew little of the male. She saw several more or less attractive lines of "hes" arranged in assorted sizes along her route, and since her female friends were picking up their choices, she decided she might as well have one. So she took a sample home with her on trial.

She allowed the sample to lie around her parents' home for a few evenings; noted how it appeared under electric lights and how it acted in the dark; tried the effect of draping it around her waist; then said she would take the goods.

After she was married, however, she discovered that she had been stung. The goods were not as represented in the advance showings. They did not wear well, and in many cases they did not wash. In no time the old husband is run-down-at-the-heel, sprung at the knees, out of shape at the waist and wrinkled in front. Since he is thus practically worn out, she decides to get rid of him and acquire a new one.

She is looking around for fresh samples, when her eye chances to see the slogan: "Make what you have do." Moved by this appeal to her sense of thrift, the wife resolves to work over her old husband so he will last a while longer. She gives him a thorough going-over, straightening him out here, basting him there, and often laying him out with a flat-iron. For a few days thereafter he looks almost like new.

When she goes out with him after this renovating process, the wife is quite proud of her work. Of course, there are always cat-like persons about who will remark to others that it's the same old husband that she's had for years, but the wife keeps a stiff upper lip. The slogan has so inspired her that she is determined to wear the old husband out entirely before getting a new one. Even were she disposed to weaken, she would only have to recall what her married contemporaries told her last Tuesday at the afternoon card-party to keep her resolution adamant. "All of them are alike," had said the assembled sisters.

NOT FOR KEEPS

"Miss Greenwich holds some views on love and marriage that are a trifle too radical for me."

"What are they?"

"As near as I can make out, she believes that when a woman picks out a husband she should be allowed to have him sent home on approval."

USUALLY THE CASE

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle
Of her forehead
And when she was good,
She was very, very good
But when she was bad
She was more interesting.

DR. LAWTON'S GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Dr. Lawton
Using Device

WILL show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose and the Lawton Method Dissolves and Eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicines or treatment; not only rids you of fat but improves appearance and general health,

Brings Physical and Mental Vigor

and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs.; this reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people through the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, disfiguring fatty tissue, without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Dept. 230 120 West 70th St., New York

For the Fashionable Woman

By BETTY GRANT

RED, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. We used to look for this sort of combination of color in the sky, when the warm sun broke through the shower clouds. We don't have to wait for that now. Take a stroll down Fifth Avenue any afternoon and you will see a living rainbow. Women's hats have never been of such gorgeous colors as they are this season. Let us hope the prevailing colors will continue through the winter. They are such an improvement over the old blacks and dull blues.

(*Continued on next page*)



Girlish charm is the spirit of this lacy afternoon frock over taffeta. Its quaintness is accentuated by the draping of lace and the slight hoop effect on the hips. The hat is of rose and maline trimmed with a huge bow of rose satin ribbon.



Flesh chiffon evening gown marked by the distinction of perfect simplicity. The skirt of many points is attached to the plainest of bodices and the only trimmings are rosettes of cut ribbon on sash and shoulders.

Models on this page by J. M. Gidding & Co.



Light gray twill cord suit. The simplicity of the suit is relieved by the very odd forming of the sash. The reveres are white with a narrow stripe to match the color of the suit material

(*Continued from page* 23)

Motoring in August is a proposition for most women. It is generally dusty even in the city, and "dolling" up a little before luncheon, tea or dinner is a necessity. A Fifth Avenue beauty shop has a small, compact case containing cold cream, powder, etc., for just such emergencies. The case can be easily carried and locked.

Another complexion saver shown by a well-known millinery shop is a tight-fitting Turkish turban of white mousseline de soie or georgette. The turban is edged with dainty flowers or beads. The veil draped from the hat is strictly harem, with a fine mesh veil underneath for the eyes. This can be made up, of course, in any color.

J. M. Gidding & Co., Fifth Avenue, is showing a very stunning knitted sport outfit. It is navy blue and yellow. The skirt is plain, with the bands of yellow, and the sweater is sleeveless, tuxedo front, and is worn with a white silk blouse.

In the month of August women's thoughts rather turn to what she is going to wear when she gets back to the city. In a well-known wholesale house on Madison Avenue last week they showed me some advanced models that may help my readers. One little model was of Piquetine, the newest of the twill materials. It was straight line and embroidered in Persian colors. The embroidery was fine, but showed to wonderful advantage.

Another stunning model was made of satin-faced Canton crêpe, also a new fabric. The skirt was plain, but had two side panels heavily done in cut steel beads. The panels were looped under the hem of the skirt, but hung an inch or two below, forming the popular uneven hem-line. The waist and rest of same material are plain, the kimono sleeves are embroidered with the steel beads to within two inches of the edge.

(*Continued on page* 26)



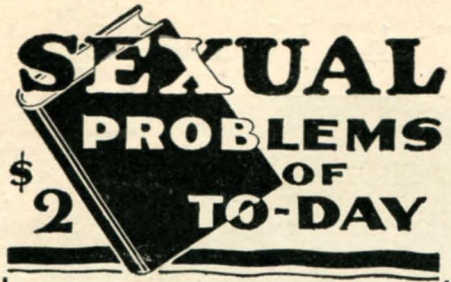
A very stunning black Tricotin dress embroidered in white. The full skirt is odd and makes you think some of the styles our grandmothers used to wear

"Smiling Through" the Heated Spell



Dolores Peters in the Greenwich Village Follies

Winifred Gibson in "June Love"



Every *married* man or woman or those intending to be married *must* read this remarkable new book on the sex problem.

"SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY" is written by Dr. William J. Robinson of New York, a scientist of World Wide reputation and the foremost authority on sex problems in all its phases. In this book he *answers* the intimate sex questions that at one time or another confront every man or woman. This book by Dr. Robinson will give you information that has never been *publicly* printed before.

One person writes: "If I had this book before I was married it would have saved me a life-time of misery."

Only Part of Contents

The Relations Between the Sexes and Man's inhumanity to Woman
The Double Standard of Morality and the Effects of Continence on Each Sex
The Psychology of Sex
The Woman at Forty and after
The Limitation of Offspring
The Woman Pays
The Wrecking of Human Life and Happiness
For Young Men
The Price of a Kiss
Torturing the Wife When the Husband Is at Fault
The Wife
No Danger of Race Suicide
Four Absolutely Infallible Means for the Prevention of Conception
Women Defending Their Honor
A Wife and Her Husband
The Dangerous Age
My Sex Propaganda
Barrie, Unfaithfulness and Forgiveness
The Gospel of Happiness
The Duration of Our Passions
To Lighten the Burden of the Illegitimate Mother
Separate Beds

Any *one* chapter is alone worth the price of the book.

"Sexual Problems of Today"

contains 320 pages consisting of 76 chapters of vital interest and is printed on fine paper in clear type and beautifully cloth bound.

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TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.

1400 Broadway Dept. 14 S. P. New York

(*Continued from page* 24)

A very pretty coat to wear over these dresses is a mustard-colored Piquelaine, trimmed in front and back with silk braid. The wide collar and deep cuffs are striped by mole.

A very simple and dainty sport dress shown by Lucile is of white satin with organdy collars and cuffs. A hat of fine white straw faced with deep flesh organdie and trimmed with old-fashioned flowered ribbon completes the costume.

An attractive little vanity, semi-circular when closed and complete circle when open, is made of red suède. It is beautifully stitched in Oriental design of gold and dull blue motifs. It is fitted with mirror and purse.

Every one insists the skirts will be longer this fall. Much as we hate to do it, girls, guess we will have to come to it.

When the longer skirts do come in it will mean larger and dressier hats. The sport type of hat we have been wearing isn't in keeping with the longer skirts.

Birds' heads are being used a lot for hat trimming. Some were used this spring, but I think they will be even more popular this fall.

While on the subject of hats, we might as well discuss the latest from Paris. The umbrella hat is the newest, so says the forthcoming bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America. It hasn't reached here yet, but will soon. "It resembles an overturned umbrella—each rib is clearly defined by a cable cording, and the brim edge assumes the line of an inward scallop." Made of black satin faille silk or moire, it is charming and needs very little trimming. A glycerine ostrich drawn through the brim is sufficient.

The petal-skirt is very becoming, especially made of soft, flowered georgette crêpe. I saw one trimmed with oval, coral-colored wooden beads.

Stockings have never been so fascinating; lace inserts—all designs and colors in clocks and the very sheer. The latter seem to be the favorite.

On Hand at the Great Equity Benefit



Vivian Segal in "Gypsy Love"



Two of the leading screen stars having a friendly little chat—no signs of jealousy or anything—Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies. They each had a part in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"



Margaret Severn in her Korean Warrior Dance

Keeping Up the Good Work

NOW that J. Barleycorn has been permanently Jack Dempseyed by the reformers and plans have been made to knock out tea, coffee and all forms of tobacco, smoking, eating and snuffing, the reformers should turn their attention to other vast evils which are menacing civilization daily from breakfast to bedtime.

The new seach-and-seizure law should be made more comprehensive, for it is just possible that some people will succeed in having some pleasure in life without whiskey and tobacco. This should not be.

HORSESHOES—It is rumored on good authority that there is still considerable horseshoe pitching going on in this country. Little knots of men can be found here and there, hiding behind barns and country post offices, pitching these shoes at pegs. This is a particularly pernicious game of chance.

CHECKERS AND DOMINOES—It is believed there are at present more than fifty thousand regular checker and domino games going in grocery stores and other vile resorts of that character. How could this rampant evil have been overlooked so long? Brothers, let us be up and doing, so that the youth of our country shall not be contaminated.

TENNIS AND GOLF—These pernicious pastimes are practised openly and a great many people seem to derive pleasure from them. They are patronized mostly by the well-to-do and probably for that reason have not been disturbed. The players are absolutely shameless and play their games in public without even a pretense of concealment. This sort of thing is a stench in the nostrils of a civilized nation and must be stopped. A law shall be passed at once allowing search of private homes and seizure of all golf sticks and balls and tennis racquets.

CROQUET—While this vile form of amusement has been on the wane for several years and seems to be dying out of its own accord it is still practised and the young are allowed to see it. Parents are known to play the game while their children look on. These offenders should feel the weight of the law.

FEATHER BEDS—Feather beds aid and abet ease and comfort of the people who own them. Many tired people are known to be resting themselves on these things. Anything that adds to the relaxation or comfort of the citizen is out of place in this free country. Every home should be searched at once for feather beds, and any person owning one shall be fined not less than $100 nor more than $1,000. Hard bunks, similar to those used in Sing Sing, shall be substituted.

ICE CREAM CONES—Ice cream cones are sold openly in this country today, fearful though this revelation may be. Nothing more need be said. Everybody knows their insidious influence upon the young child who stands and sees his father and mother eating them shamelessly.

TOMATO CATSUP—It would surprise the average reader to know to what extent the tomato catsup habit has fastened itself upon the people of this country. What are we coming to, when this vile stuff is sold openly in grocery stores and served with meals in cafes? The same is true of chili sauce and horseradish.

We almost hesitate to inform the public that playing cards are still being manufactured in this country and that they are used in private homes. Whole families engage in playing Casino and Old Maid and other games detrimental to the good morals of the nation. The manufacture of these devilish pasteboards must be stopped at once. The people are enjoying themselves too much.

We were slow to inform the public of the terrible condition into which our country has fallen, but the truth had to come out sooner or later, and it is hoped that these revelations of the vice which is devouring our fair land will lead to instantaneous action in the shape of amendments to the Constitution.

"WANTED—A position for the summer as guide in the Canadian woods. Would prefer to be an Indian guide, with canoe."

When a chorus girl asks you to give her a ring she does not necessarily refer to the telephone.

No acceptable "substitute" has been found for curing a cold.

Ornamenting The "Passing Show of 1921"



Marja Talwynne

Poppy Morton

Lucila Mendez

Turn on the Ether

A PROMINENT physician has recently made an important discovery. His name is Dr. James Cotton and his discovery is an improved variety of ether which will make any man or woman tell the truth, however painful the truth may be.

Which causes us to wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to send for a few tanks of this stuff and turn it loose in Broadway. How would the press agents react to the treatment? What would become of the bragging manager and what of the actor who stands in front of Wolpin's and dreams audibly about his contracts and salary?

And the married gentlemen who spend the evening in the rarified atmosphere of the Great White Waste and wander home in taxicabs with the first streaks of dawn. Oh, la-la!

Perhaps this new ether would make even the reformers tell the truth, but that would be a supreme test.

The average denizen of the Rialto full of this ether would get himself into more trouble in five minutes than he could get out of in five years. A man going about and babbling the truth would be notoriously out of place in this neck of the woods and would have about as many friends as an installment collector.

Familiar characters upon whom the new ether might be tried to great public advantage are:

Meter-reading taxicab drivers.

The birds who write the suburban railroad time tables.

Box-office men.

Divorce trial witnesses.

Bootleggers who have "something just as good."

Private detectives.

Chorus girls who have "never been kissed before."

Managers who have "booked forty weeks solid."

Amateur playwrights who have "been sent for by Shubert."

Actors who have told managers to "go jump off the dock."

Movie stars who have "refused" prominent parts.

Rubberneck wagon lecturers.

"Prominent" Wall street brokers.

Doctor, oh doctor! Turn on the ether.

NO SUCH THING, SIR!

A YOUNG woman had been arrested for appearing upon the street in a too Parisian garb. A bashful young bachelor of clerical appearance was testifying against her.

"What kind of a skirt did the defendant have on?" asked the judge.

"A knee length one, sir," answered the witness.

"And below that?"

"Ah—er—half hose."

"Go on," encouraged the magistrate. "Immediately above the hose, what was there?"

"A hiatus," responded the red-faced deponent.

"Your Honor," indignantly cried the fair defendant, "I never wore such a thing in my life!"

BY HECK!

HIRAM SPRINGHANDLE has gone up to the city on business. While there he will consult a dentist and a bootlegger.

Si Fishinger's Jersey cow has a new calf, and Mrs. Fishinger has a new sewing machine.

Rube Hayrick's barn has been repainted from nerve tonic to liver pills.

Lafe Perkins has had a lock put on the cracker barrel, and the Saturday night regulars have taken the hint.

Rents are getting terrible high in this vicinity. Ephraim Rittenhouse, who built the frame double in South Main Street, has raised the rent $2.50 a side.

There is many a hero on the stage who is not a hero on the way home in the subway.

There are a lot of bloomers on Broadway during a season. Most of them are new shows.

Frolicking In the "Follies"



Virginia Bell

Ira L. Hill Studio



Lillian McKenzie



Avonne Taylor

Ira D. Schwarz

Jazz Philosophy

By W. R. Hoefer

CONSIDER the Professional Reform Wights and the Blue Law Hounds. The chief trouble with the majority of these Dirge Dispensers is their mathematical astigmatism. All they know of human arithmetic is subtraction. They never added a thing in all their murky existences but their salaries and gloom. "Don't" is the password of these Dusk-Distributors, "Verboten" is their high-sign and "Forbid" is their creed. Their criticism is as destructive as a mule's hind leg, their real motive as negative as a bashful maiden in a burlesque chorus and their constructive action as absent as charity in a den of politicians.

They know subtraction in the arithmetic of human endeavor like a Follies Jane knows Broadway, but if they ever added a thing but gloom to the existence of humanity or multiplied anything but their fees and indigo, it's more of a secret than Eva Tanguay's real age.

And now they want to subtract the Sun from Sunday, take the Move out of movie and extract the joy from enjoyment. They're the house-wreckers in the building world of happiness. When it comes to extracting things they make the champion dentist of the universe look like a crippled piker with a palsied wrist and a busted forceps. They are the party of the second part in this world of give-and-take. All they ever gave to any one is a severe pain, a dismal grunt and the command, "Thou Shalt Not"; but they can take more from you in the tick of a split-second watch than an expert "dip" can remove from a New York Hick during a three hours' session in the crowd of a political parade in Fifth Avenue.

Verily, I say unto you beware of the professional reformer. Concede him but the proverbial inch and he'll cop off eighty-three parasangs. Grant him but a tithe of your support and he'll have all of your pleasures, most of your privileges, many of your rights before you can stutter, "The Land of the Free"—and easy. "Gape not upon the wine when it is red" is seemly advice, though no longer legally necessary; but "Monkey not with the Reformer when he is Blue" is an even more necessary warning in this present age of Acrid Agitators. Beware the Sunshine Subtractors in the Arithmetic of Humanity. I have spoken.

A FEW OF THE SUPERFLUITIES

THE government is costing itself too much money and is looking around for ways to economize. Well, it's always easy to point out ways for other people to economize, so here are a few suggestions—gratis:

Stop kidding the farmers with free seeds.

Eliminate the wasted strip of white paper around the edge of a sheet of postage stamps.

Use back numbers of the Congressional Record for wrapping paper to do up the hot air which comes from Congress.

Cut down the number of yards of gold braid on brigadier generals.

Cut down the number of yards of red tape for tracing a lost letter.

Hire a husky hod-carrier to do the president's hand-shaking, so he'll have more time for work.

ARE YOU INDUSTRIOUS?

ACCORDING to a highly trustworthy statistics hound, the selling of booze is still the sixth largest industry in the United States.

This being true, the only thing which needs to worry the ordinary law-abiding citizen is the question whether or not he is carrying on his share of the industry.

It behooves every one of us to do his utmost to keep the sixth largest industry afloat.

Especially in view of the fact that, according to reports, the five industries which are larger than this one are as follows:

(1) Home-brewing.
(2) Boot-legging.
(3) Cellar-entertaining.
(4) Prescription-filling.
(5) Flask-toting.
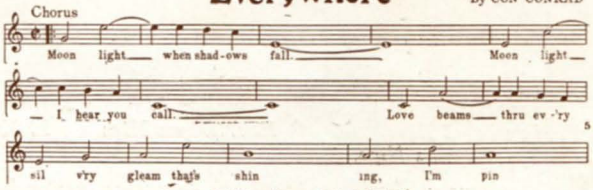
Women are great gamblers. Look what they marry.

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15 Coty's L'Origan Nips	**1.00**
12 Djer-Kiss Nips	**.50**

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